

Liberate through Truth

"NO ACTION OF
THE BOARD SHALL
REQUIRE
CONFIRMATION

lambda

BY THE MEMBERS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY."

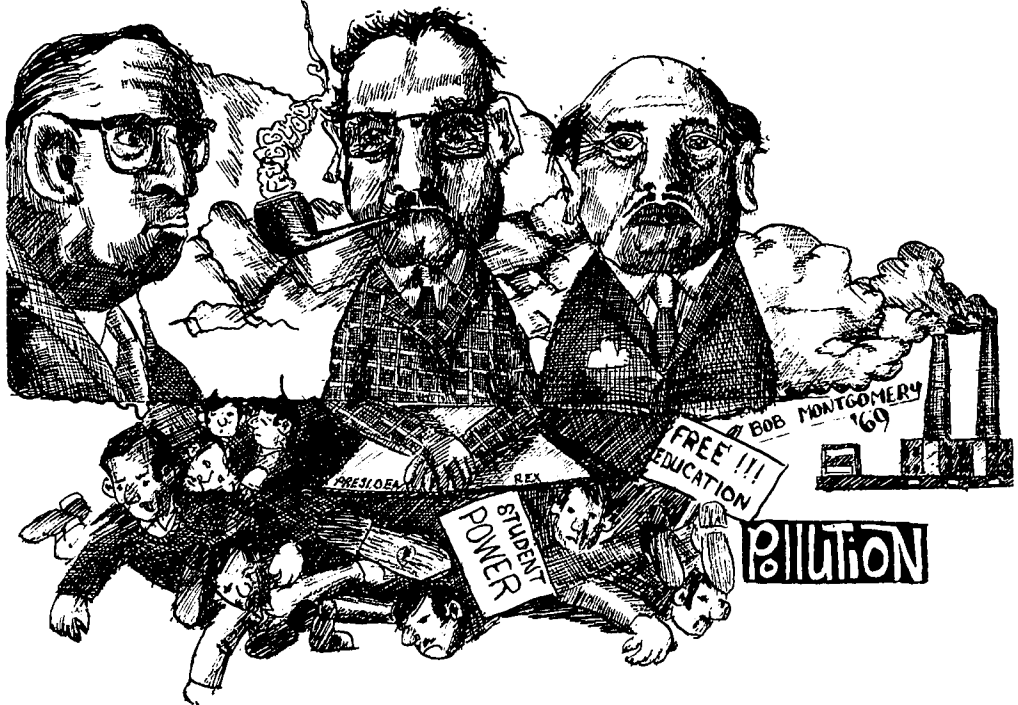
Laurentian University Act,
Article 18.

VOL. VIII NO. XIV

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY, SUDBURY, ONTARIO

DECEMBER III MCMLXIX

BOARD OF GOVERNORS



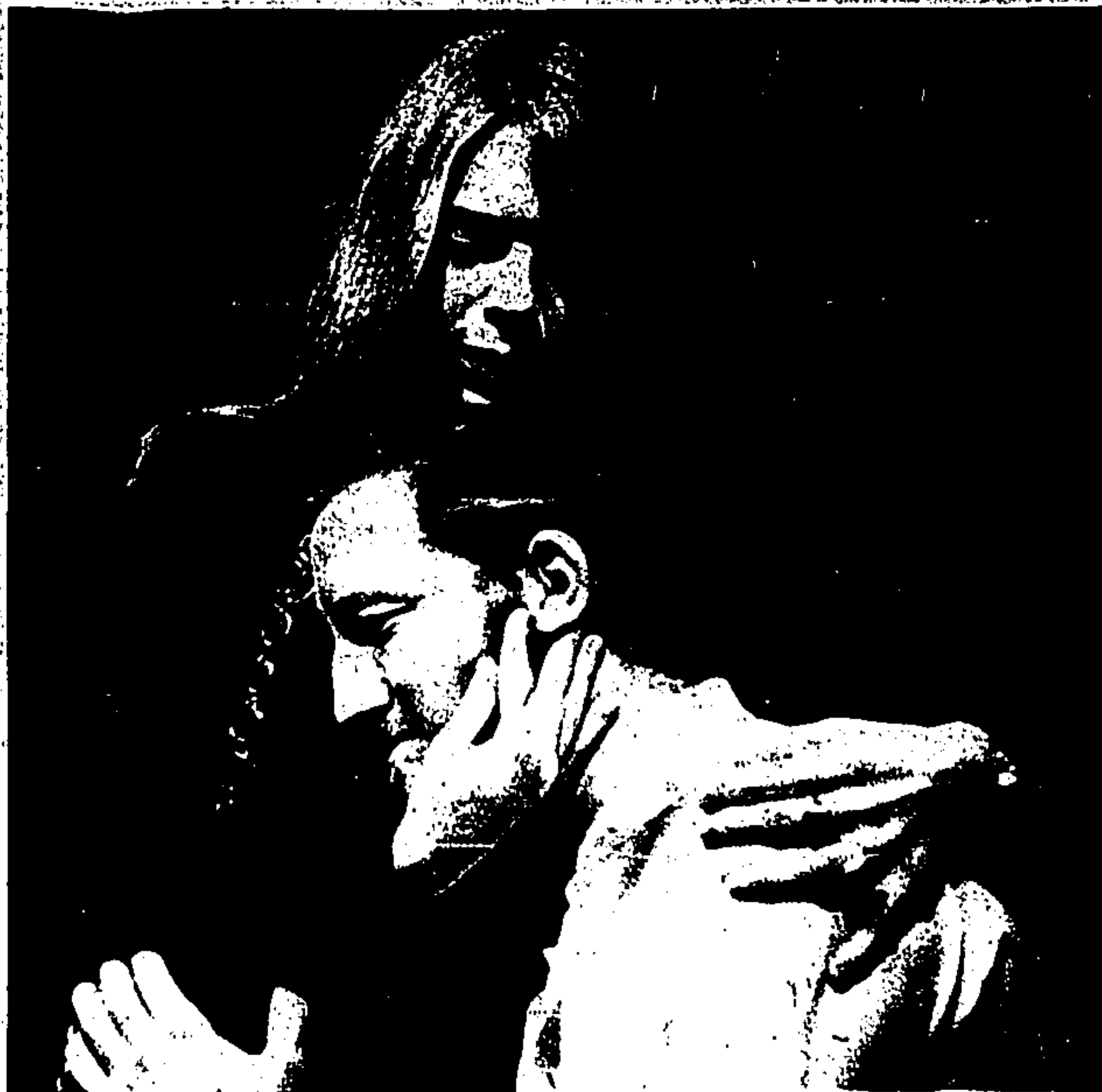
GENERAL MEETING MONDAY

FOR ALL STUDENTS

Great Hall 1:00 pm

Agenda:

report on
Awareness Week



Miss Alice (Helen Zebrowska) and Julian (Rick Marwood) mix it up in TINY ALICE

dave dixon

"If you liked 'Rosemary's Baby' you'll like 'Tiny Alice'." That was the comment of Frank Townson, the butler in Laurentian Players' presentation of Edward Albee's play. According to Helen Zebrowski (Miss Alice), the play, "has a lot to say but I don't know what it is." It was the general consensuses of the actors

that it is an extremely difficult play to understand. Half the enjoyment of the play apparently is trying to figure it out. All of the players also agreed that Tiny Alice, as far as acting is concerned, is strenuous, emotional, nervewracking and very complicated. Rick Marwood (Julian) stated that he found it hard be-

cause many moods and passions had to be presented without the support of lines.

"Tiny Alice" under the direction of Bill Hart is to be presented on Dec. 10-13 at Sudbury High. From interviewing these actors, I feel that this should be a production well worth attending.

Mock parliament

R.W. Woodley

Second year students of Political Science held their annual mock parliament, Saturday, November 23, in the Great Hall.

Dr. J. E. Havel, chairman of the Political Science Department explained that the purpose of the annual mock parliament was to imitate the function of the Canadian Parliament at the student level.

The sessions began in the morning and lasted all day, with a short break for lunch. During the sessions, the customs, setting and proceedings of the House of Commons were followed as closely as possible.

The morning session included the opening of the session of parliament, complete with an address from the throne and the appointment of committees.

The afternoon session included the oppositions reply to the throne speech, and a general debate of the issues contained in it. The debate centred around these issues: drugs, housing, bilingualism, and defence policy.

The M.P.'s had been elected earlier in the year in a mock election. The liberals formed the government, while the N.D.P. formed the official opposition.

Preparation for the "parliament" included a visit to Ottawa on November 3 and 4, to observe the workings of the House of Commons. The students also visited the Senate chamber, and the Supreme Court. The students took the opportunity to observe several parliamentary committee meetings, including the committee investigating the Company of Young Canadians.

lambda

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY
SUDBURY, ONTARIO

Scotty Merrifield.....Editor-in-Chief
Charley Banting.....Associate Editor
Moses Kanhai.....News Editor
Marguerite Groulx.....Secretary
Joey Libralezzo.....Business Manager
Roger Regimbal.....Photo Editor
Geoff Lloyd.....Layout Editor
Roy MacGregor.....Fine Arts Editor
Noel Beach.....Sports Editor
Brian Dumontelle.....Science Editor
Allan Serafino.....Exchanges

LAMBDA is the official English language student newspaper of Laurentian University. It is published weekly by LAMBDA Publications, an independent association of the students of Laurentian University. All opinions expressed are those of the editorial staff, unless otherwise stated. Letters to the editor cannot be printed unless signed. If desired, a pen name may be used for publication.

LAMBDA's office is in room L-222 in the Parker Building our phone number is 673-8613 or 675-115- Ext. 267.

Tuesday Dec.9

General meeting of geography society at 12:30 in L207. Topics to be discussed are: - second brewery tour

-christmas party
-discussion with prof.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Dec.11,12,13

"Tiny Alice", a play by Edward Albee will be presented by University Players' at Sudbury High. Tickets may be obtained by contacting Alexander Agencies, 172 Elm

CORTINA CARRY OUT LTD.

PIZZA

and all your Italian dishes
We cater to Banquets and Parties

Now 3 locations to serve you

DOWNTOWN 674-3232 LOCKERBY & UNIVERSITY 673-1166

NEW SUDBURY 566-5410

PROM MUSIC CENTRE

INSTRUMENTS, RADIOS, RECORD PLAYERS,

STEREO RECORDS, 8 TRACK CARTRIDGES,

CASSETTES, SHEET MUSIC AND FOLIOS

MUSIC LESSONS

36 ELGIN ST. N.

673-7135

We like to look after you at the ROYAL BANK

CHEVRON STANDARD LIMITED

400 FIFTH AVENUE S.W., CALGARY 1, ALBERTA

offering careers in

PETROLEUM EXPLORATION

will conduct campus interviews on

December 15 and 16

for

GRADUATES AND GRADUATING STUDENTS

in

Honours Geology - Permanent employment in geology

Honours Mathematics - Permanent employment in geophysics

Honours Physics - Permanent employment in geophysics

ARRANGEMENTS FOR PERSONAL INTERVIEWS

MAY BE MADE THROUGH THE UNIVERSITY'S

PLACEMENT OFFICE

HAMBURGERS FRENCH FRIES CHEESEBURGERS BARBECUE CHICKEN



CREAMY MILK SHAKES FISH AND CHIPS BEVERAGES

Four locations to serve you

1737 REGENT SOUTH
1137 KINGSWAY

1309 LORNE
NOTRE DAME

LA NATURE POUR L'ART

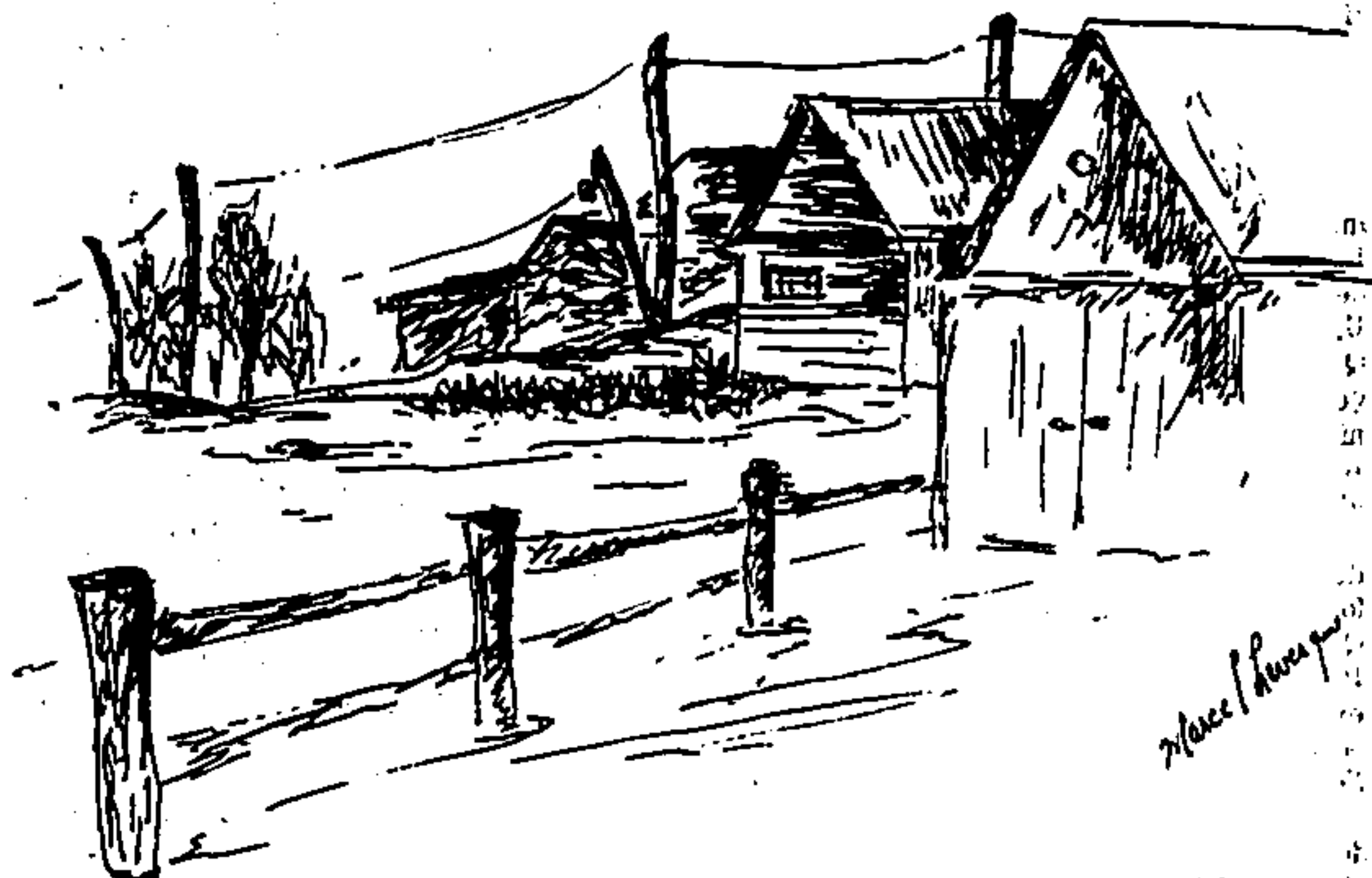
L'art moderne exploite les sentiments et le symbolisme. Plusieurs artistes contemporains ne font qu'étudier les couleurs et ainsi, on produit des tableaux qui reçoivent une certaine renommée. Mais, parmi tout ce mélange de couleurs et de symbolisme, il y existe encore l'art pour l'Art où l'artiste peint la beauté, parce qu'il aime la peindre. L'exposition de 'Sudbury Arts and Crafts' à l'Université Laurentienne contient des œuvres qui traitent du beau. On y trouve des peintures représentant des personnages, d'autres, la nature. Contraire à l'exposition de Rembrandt, la nature ici est supérieure aux personnages. Exprimée par plusieurs artistes de la région, dans des styles différents, cette nature se fait en-

tendre pour nous dire qu'elle n'est pas encore morte.

Ivan Wheale est un des artistes du groupe qui vraiment change la nature et l'enrichit. Tout en ayant un style très réaliste, ses couleurs nuancées et sa toile laissée en partie, blanche empêchent ses œuvres d'être photographiques. Son genre semble rapproché celui d'Andrew Wyeth.

Je ne veux pas faire de propagande pour qui que ce soit. J'en fais qu'exprimer ce qui m'a semblé le plus attrayant à cette exposition. Peut-être aurez-vous une opinion très contraire à la mienne. De toute façon, si le temps vous le permet, visitez cette exposition. Ce n'est pas à manquer!

Marcel Levesque



IL PLEUT DANS MON COEUR COMME IL PLEUT SUR LA VILLE (Verlaine)

Il pleure dans mon cœur comme il pleut sur la ville (Verlaine)

Une fois de plus, le directeur de l'Ecole de Commerce a remis sa démission. Pour une des premières fois peut-être l'auteur de cet article a l'intention de déposer certains faits à fin d'éclairer les lecteurs du Lambda sur une question très importante à la Laurentienne.

A la fin de l'année scolaire 67/68 M. Griggs, directeur du Département de Commerce d'alors démissionnait. M. Willes

dirigeait le Département en 68/69. Il a même proposé au Sénat la création d'une Ecole de Commerce et de gestion d'entreprise. Comme de raison, ce fut accepté. Malheureusement, M. Willes nous a quitté en mai dernier. Le 15 août un groupe d'étudiants composé de l'exécutif de l'A.G.E. et soutenu par quelques autres personnes ont rencontré le Président et deux des conseillers du conseil des Gouverneurs. Quelques jours plus tard, l'administration avait complété le recrue-

tement nécessaire pour l'école.

Au début de l'année scolaire, M. McPherson s'est affirmé comme professeur. Avec lui étaient rendues possible les études graduées. Aujourd'hui, le départ de M. McPherson résonne encore à la Chambre du Sénat.

Que s'est-il passé? Pourquoi nous laisse-t-il comme les autres? Parce qu'ils n'étaient pas compétents! La réponse n'est pas là! La réponse et la raison, la voici! La voici la vérité qui échoie tous ceux qui se don-

nent la peine de regarder.

Le noyau de l'administration affiche une incompétence totale. Quelqu'un ayant le choix de "rester ou non" doit s'agenouiller devant des gens qui, d'après les résultats, ne savent pas compter!! Il part ou ils partent!! Comme de raison beaucoup de professeurs compétents restent. Par ailleurs, parmi ces derniers, quelques-uns sont de calibre inférieur et, dans certains cas, nul!

Que doit-on faire? Continuer

d'embaucher et accepter des démissions? Les étudiants en commerce ont assez souffert.

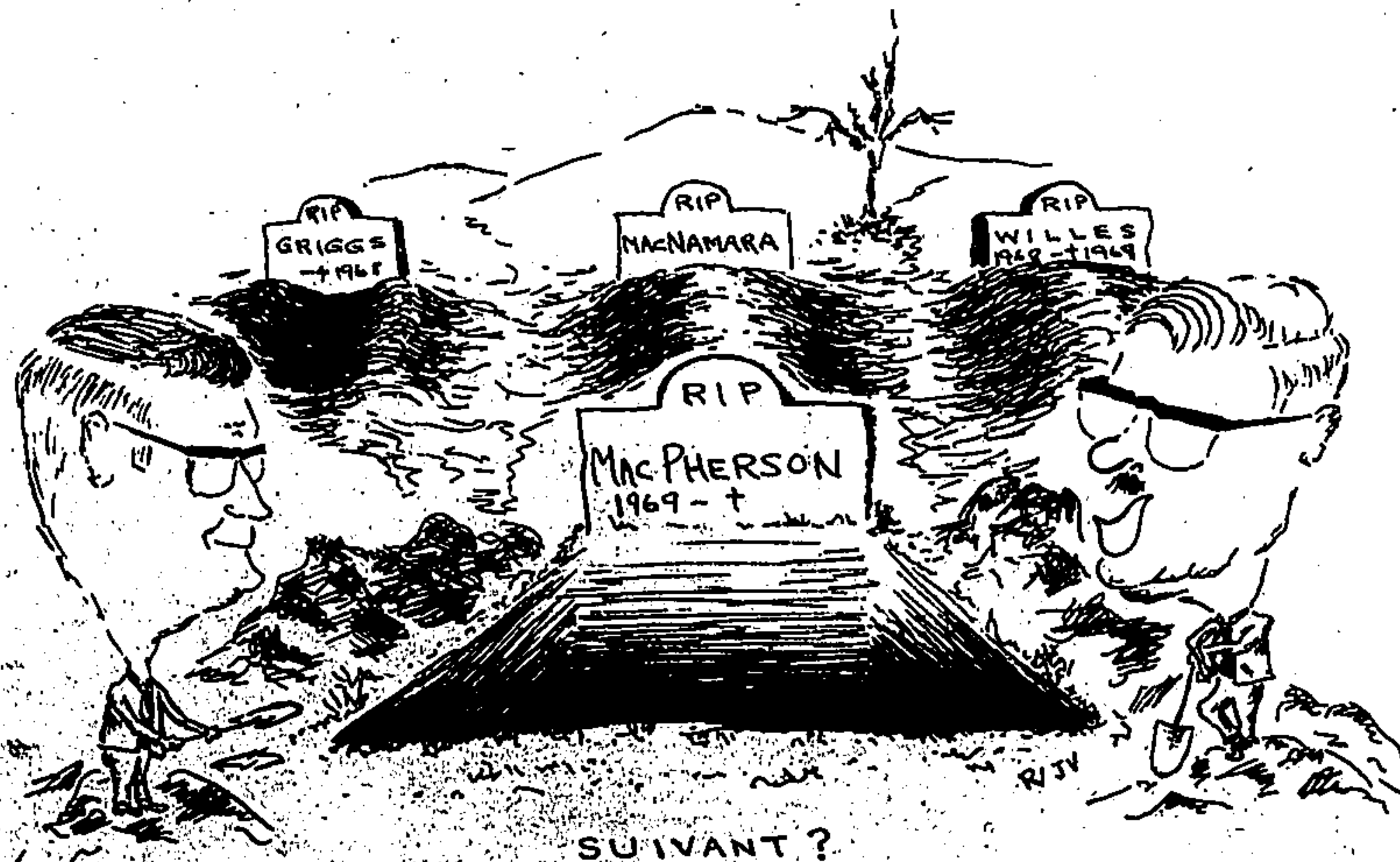
Le moment est venu d'envisager la question avec notre tête et non nos pieds. Il est évident que les administrateurs de notre Université ne savent pas administrer. Ce n'est pas le diplôme qui fait l'homme, et l'administration laurientienne en est une preuve tangible.

Si nous n'avons pas les fonds pour absorber les dépenses pour l'engagement de nouveaux professeurs, nous n'avons pas le moyen de jouir d'une université. Si nous les avons, ils sont mal administrés et les administrateurs doivent être congédiés immédiatement.

Les dépenses capitales sont nécessaires à l'accroissement physique. Par ailleurs, un édifice de pierre taillée ne vaut rien s'il n'y a pas de professeurs à l'intérieur pour enseigner. Les \$500 ou \$600 de droits de scolarités payés par les étudiants et les octrois donnés par le gouvernement servent à garantir l'instruction. Dans le moment, l'étudiant ne reçoit pas cette instruction. Il n'en a pas pour son argent!! Il perd par exemple les professeurs qu'il considère beaucoup à cause d'une petite clique qui se croit au-dessus de la race humaine.

"La guerre est déclarée".

Jacques Villeneuve



SUIVANT?

Bilinguisme à la Laurentienne

Cet article commente, à titre d'information, le mémoire présenté au Conseil des Gouverneurs le 18 octobre 1968 par les rédacteurs ou collaborateurs du journal LE LAMBDA, (1968). Le premier article traitant le mémoire apparaît dans le LAMBDA édition du 19 novembre 1969 (vol. 8 No. 9).

Plusieurs cours à la Laurentienne sont offerts uniquement en anglais. En d'autres mots, peu de cours sont offerts en français. Il ne s'agit pas de faire une étude approfondie des annuaires de l'Université Laurentienne pour constater que c'est ainsi. Le mémoire en fait mention en démontrant ce fait par de multiples exemples. Le mémoire attribue cette situation déplorable du nombre d'étudiants francophones à (l'absence d'écoles secondaires

publiques de langue française). L'école Macdonald-Cartier vient d'ouvrir ses portes aux étudiants francophones de la région de Sudbury. Selon le mémoire, ça prendra au moins cinq années avant que le nombre d'étudiants francophones à l'Université Laurentienne en soit légèrement influencé. Plusieurs étudiants (étudiantes) proviennent d'écoles secondaires bilingues à l'extérieur de Sudbury (North Bay, Timmins...). Cependant, ce nombre n'influence pas tellement le pourcentage d'étudiants (étudiantes) francophones à l'Université Laurentienne. Il reste à savoir si ces écoles secondaires prépareront à l'avenir un nombre de plus en plus élevé d'aspirants à la Laurentienne.

Voici un schéma, reproduit à la sixième page du mémoire:

Année	Francophones		Anglophones	
	Nombre	% du total	Nombre	% du total
1960-61	95	52%	88	48%
1961-62	89	35%	166	65%
1962-63	64	24%	200	76%
1963-64	85	23%	276	77%
1964-65	120	22%	436	78%
1965-66	132	15%	769	85%
1966-67	174	15%	956	85%
1967-68	180	14%	1084	86%
1968-69*	258	17.2%	1242	82.8%

*Ces statistiques ne figurent pas dans le mémoire.

Depuis 1964-65, le nombre de francophones augmente considérablement, malgré que le pourcentage de francophones

diminue. On peut se permettre d'être à la fois optimiste et réaliste, et d'espérer que cette tendance continue. Il semble

que la fondation d'écoles secondaires publiques françaises augmentera davantage le nombre d'étudiants francophones à l'Université Laurentienne.

Les statistiques des années 1968-69 nous démontrent une augmentation considérable des étudiants francophones en 1968-69 (78) en comparaison avec l'année 1967-68 (4). On note aussi qu'il y a eu l'année dernière, un accroissement et du nombre d'étudiants francophones et du pourcentage des francophones.

Plusieurs francophones suivent des cours en anglais. Je ne tiens pas à les défavoriser par cet article. Au contraire, c'est leur privilège et leur droit. Dans certains cas d'ailleurs, ils n'avaient pas de choix. Les cours n'étaient pas offerts en français, alors les étudiants prenaient ces cours en anglais. Voyant qu'il y a des étudiants francophones qui suivent des cours en anglais, les départements ont pensé que les étudiants francophones n'étaient pas intéressés à suivre des cours en français. Ces départements n'ont donc pas offert de cours en français. Cette situation domine encore aujourd'hui. On constate que cet argument est circulaire. Certains étudiants constatent qu'on offre en français que les cours de première année. Inévitablement, ils choisissent les cours en anglais où ils se familiarisent une fois pour toute avec la terminologie anglaise. Autrement, c'est difficile de changer catégoriquement, de la terminologie française en première année à la terminologie anglaise en deuxième année. Certains étudiants désirent un diplôme bilingue. Il faut admettre que toutes ces raisons sont acceptables. Par contre, je ne saurais me prononcer au sujet des étudiants qui prennent un cours en anglais parce que c'est plus facile. Pour un francophone, cette dernière raison, en autant que je la respecte, ne me semble pas logique.

Enfin, il y a une autre considération importante à faire. L'année dernière, il y a 294 étudiants qui ont déclaré que leur langue maternelle était le Français. Puisqu'il y avait 258 étudiants d'enregistrés dans la section française, on doit conclure que 36 étudiants dont la langue maternelle est le Français, se sont enregistrés dans la section anglaise ou bien qu'ils ont simplement ignoré cette question qui apparaissait sur une des formules d'inscription. On note aussi qu'il y a 26 (étudiants-étudiantes) Italiens, 21 ukrainiens, 20 finnois, 15 allemands, et 150 étudiants qui n'ont pas répondu à cette question. Il y a aussi 28 étudiants dont la langue maternelle est autre que celles dont j'ai fait mention. Je crois qu'on peut prendre pour acquis que la majorité des étudiants qui ont déclaré que leur langue maternelle n'est pas le Français, parlent anglais et suivent des cours en anglais.

Je me suis éloigné du sujet à l'étude, notamment le mémoire dont il est question au début de cet article. Avant de continuer de commenter le mémoire, j'ai cru nécessaire de vous rendre ces informations. Le recrutement des étudiants francophones nécessite une nouvelle politique. Je m'en tiens à vous en faire part dans une des prochaines éditions du LAMBDA.

Michel G. Magnan

Theâtre Populaire du Québec annonce

T'ES PAS TANNÉE JEANNE D'ARC?

Le Théâtre Populaire du Québec, fondé en 1963 et voué presque exclusivement à la tournée, prend cette année une orientation tout à fait nouvelle. Après Encore 5 Minutes de l'auteur québécois Françoise Loranger, spectacle commencé le 18 octobre et qui se poursuit jusqu'au 7 décembre, une seconde production cette fois une création collective intitulée T'es pas tannée Jeanne d'Arc? est déjà en répétition.

En effet, dès novembre, une troupe de jeunes professionnels, sous la direction de Raymond Cloutier, parcourra la province avec un grand cirque ordinaire, représentation théâtrale bien personnelle où six comédiens-musiciens-chanteurs-citoyens improviseront une fête populaire sur les accents de voix célestes, qu'elles soient celles de la Pucelle d'Orléans ou celles de certains de nos hommes politiques. Ils sont six pour mettre en mouvement sur scène plus de cent personnages et entreprendre "de raconter que Jeanne d'Arc vit encore au Québec et qu'elle a ben d'la misère."

Il n'est plus possible de faire du théâtre maintenant sans prendre conscience de ce qui se passe dans la société d'hier, d'aujourd'hui et de demain. Ce spectacle auquel le Théâtre Populaire du Québec convie le public est donc un jeu dramatique jeune, souple, créé dans la plus belle tradition des comédiens forains. Les jeunes gens de théâtre sérieux ne veulent plus être enrôlés dans un répertoire qui ne prend pas sa source chez les gens mêmes qui les entourent, à l'heure actuelle.

Mais pourquoi une création collective?

"Ce besoin de travailler ensemble est une nécessité, une volonté de faire quelque chose, de trouver son expression personnelle en expérimentant sa propre démarche par rapport aux autres."

"Cette improvisation que nous nous sommes imposée, est une chose terrible car elle nous force à prendre conscience de nous-mêmes, à ne pas fermer les portes, à refuser la solitude et à accepter de se dévoiler, de se présenter les uns aux autres à l'état premier, avant l'ère des

cadres, dans une grande franchise, une grande simplicité, afin de rejoindre cette vérité qui nous fait bouger au même rythme que le public. "La vie quotidienne, nous la voyons comme un grand cirque où chacun fait son numéro devant des spectateurs ébahis ou déçus."

"On fait une représentation avec ce qu'on est, ce qu'on a. Tous nous voulons utiliser tous les moyens d'expression que nous avons à notre disposition: le cri, le chant, le pas, le geste, la parole, la danse, les instruments de musique et l'espace."

"Nous voulons raconter et revivre le procès de Jeanne d'Arc à partir du texte officiel, nous arrêter parfois à notre gré pour penser et vivre le Québec d'hier de d'aujourd'hui, pour rêver le Québec de demain, que ce soit en chanson, en parole ou en acte. Par moment, nous nous contenterons de silence."

"Nous rêvons du jour où tout le monde pourra être le créateur permanent de son décor, de sa musique et de son jeu."

Ce groupe enthousiaste se prépare donc à jouer à fond ce grand procès de l'histoire, à nous faire prendre conscience de l'oppression

des systèmes et des multiples problèmes qui en découlent, tels: le chômage, la famine, la pauvreté, la violence, etc... et peut-être à nous prouver que la société juste pourrait se réaliser lorsque la société entière pourra participer à une oeuvre de création collective.

Ces comédiens-routiers visiteront du 10 novembre au 15 décembre la région métropolitaine, Québec et les villes environnantes, la Beauce, la Gaspésie, le Lac Saint-Jean, la Côte-Nord et le Nord-Ouest québécois. La troupe est composée de Paule Baillargeon, Jocelyn Bérubé, Raymond Cloutier, Suzanne Garceau, Claude Laroche et Guy Thauvette. Comme ensemble, la compagnie s'est assurée les services de Marie-Josée Lipens et l'animation musicale a été confiée à Hélène Prévost.

Cette deuxième tournée d'automne T'es pas tannée Jeanne d'Arc? est une production du Théâtre Populaire du Québec et a pu être réalisée grâce aux subventions du Ministère des Affaires culturelles.

D'autres communiqués suivront...

Département des affaires culturelles annonce...[Ivan Fainnel:peintre]

Événement - Ivan Fainnel: peintre

Lieu - La Galerie d'Art de l'Université Laurentienne
Date - du 4 au 20 décembre prochain
Horaire - chaque jour de 8:00 le matin à 8:00 le soir. Fermé le dimanche.

Entrée: gratuite

Du 4 au 20 décembre prochain le Département des Affaires culturelles de l'Université Laurentienne présentera une exposition des peintures de l'artiste bien connu de Toronto, Ivan Fainnel. Cette exposition aura lieu à la Galerie d'Art de l'Université Laurentienne.

Né d'une famille d'artistes canadiens travaillant à New York, Ivan Fainnel possède tous les talents de ses parents. Sa mère, Marguerite Paquette, artiste de Montréal, a présenté ses oeuvres au Canada et à l'étranger; son père et son père adoptif sont tous les deux reconnus

pour leurs dessins.

Ivan Fainnel a peint dès son bas âge et il a d'abord étudié à l'École des Beaux Arts de Montréal où il obtint une bourse d'études. Plus tard, d'autres bourses lui ont permis d'aller à l'École des Beaux Arts de Paris; puis à la Scuola Chigiana en Italie; enfin à la Skolion Polytechnikon d'Athènes où il étudia la sculpture. Fainnel a aussi étudié l'art byzantin et ses techniques à Mistara, Saloniki, Istanbul et un peu partout ailleurs. La liste impressionnante de ses maîtres renferme des noms aussi prestigieux que Lismer, Byers, de Tonnancour, Webber et Armstrong. Il a aussi étudié la lithographie avec Joudon et la peinture avec Legeult.

Après plusieurs expositions pendant quelques années un peu partout à Montréal, M. Fainnel s'installa à Paris en 1955. On manifesta alors un grand intérêt pour son réalisme. A Paris,

plusieurs expositions eurent lieu aux Beaux Arts à la Cité universitaire et à la Maison canadienne. M. Fainnel a exposé aussi à Rome, à Beyrouth, dans plusieurs villes d'Espagne et du Portugal.

Depuis 1960, M. Fainnel vit au Canada et aux États-Unis. Artiste infatigable, il a enseigné, a peint et a exposé dans la plupart des grandes villes de ces deux pays. Son nom n'est plus à faire comme sculpteur et il fait partie de plusieurs collections particulières.

Le Département des Affaires culturelles de l'Université Laurentienne présente l'oeuvre de Ivan Fainnel. Cette oeuvre démontre beaucoup de sensibilité par un choix varié de couleurs illustrant les nombreuses sources d'inspiration de l'artiste et les techniques variées. Les toiles choisies constituent une exposition originale et particulière.

(NB) La traduction de ce texte émanant du Département des Affaires culturelles de l'Université Laurentienne est l'oeuvre exclusive de l'équipe du journal français Le Lambda. Tous droits de reproduction et d'adaptation réservés pour tous les pays y compris la Russie.

LES PENSEES DE ...

4) Quoi! Marshall McLuhan dans les Travaux Pratiques de 3ième année? Ce pourrait-il que les Travaux Pratiques soient enfin pratiques?

5) Y aurait-il une relation entre l'appauvrissement de la Reine d'Angleterre et la diminution D'aide financière de l'Eglise anglicane pour le collège de Thornloe?

6) Saviez-vous qu'il y a des appareils photographiques qui vous surveillent à la librairie?



The Virgin by Denis Kelly

I'm a stranger
here myself
said touching his
hands, mouth
forming words
to amuse to mask
my slight fear my
cool hands touching
trying to make it
work for him
to open love
in the dark
room to spread
a light quilt
over his knees

"you better pay attention to the son of a bitch before he burns the country..."

INTRODUCTION:

I expect you're puzzling about the relevance of a major article on the American worker, to Awareness Week. Well, as you know, an uncommonly large fraction of the Sudbury tax-paying population can be described as blue-collar. And tax-payers should know how and why their money is being spent. If Sudbury tax-payers are going to understand our point of view, we had better know something about their grievances, their prejudices and their misconceptions. Certainly the mentality of the American worker isn't identical with that of the Sudbury worker, but they are similar in many ways. Then too, the American worker's mentality is not altogether unlike that of a disturbingly large proportion of students and faculty at Laurentian.

I picked this article because it was the first I'd read that was both sympathetic and intelligent in its analysis of the plight of the blue-collar worker. We tend to regard his reactions as mindless. This article may help us to define our own viewpoint as well as his, and to find a common ground in what seems to me at present a no-man's-land.

THE FORGOTTEN AMERICAN

There is hardly a language to describe him, or even a set of social statistics. Just names: racist-bigot-redneck-ethnic-irish-Italian-Pole-Hunkie-Yahoo. The lower middle class. A blank. The man under whose hat lies the great American desert. Who watches the tube, plays the horses, and keeps the niggers out of his union and his neighborhood. Who might vote for Wallace (but didn't). Who cheers when the cops beat up on demonstrators. Who is free, white, and twenty-one, has a job, a home, a family, and is up to his eyeballs in credit. In the guise

of the working class--or the American yeoman or John Smith--he was once the hero of the civics book, the man that Andrew Jackson called "the bone and sinew of the Country." Now he is "the forgotten man," perhaps the most alienated person in America.

Nothing quite fits, except perhaps omission and semi-invisibility. America is supposed to be divided between affluence and poverty, between slums and suburbs. John Kenneth Galbraith begins the foreword to *The Affluent Society* with the phrase, "Since I sailed for Switzerland in the early summer of 1955 to begin work on this book..." But, between Wellesley and Roxbury, between Shaker Heights and Hough, there are some eighty million people (depending on how you count them) who didn't sail for Switzerland in the summer of 1955, or at any other time, and who never expect to. Between slums and suburbs: South Boston and South San Francisco, Bell and Parma, Astoria and Bay Ridge,

Newark, Cicero, Downey, Daly and Bay City, Charlestown, Flatbush. Union halls, American Legion posts, neighborhood bars and bowling leagues, the Ukrainian Club and the Holy Name. Main Street. To try to describe all this is like trying to describe America itself. If you look for it, you find it everywhere: the rows of frame houses overlooking the belching steel mills in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, two-family brick houses in Canarsie (where the most common slogan, even in the middle of a political campaign, is "curb your dog"); the Fords and Chevies with a decal American flag on the rear window (usually a cut-out from the Reader's Digest, and displayed in counter-protest against peace-niks and "those bastards who carry Vietcong flags in demonstrations"); the bunting on the porch rail with the inscription, "Welcome Home, Pete." The gold star in the window.

When he was under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Robert C. Wood tried a definition. It is not good, but it's the best we have:

He is a white employed male...earning between \$5,000 and \$10,000. He works regularly, steadily, dependably, wearing a blue collar or white collar. Yet the frontiers of his career

expectations have been fixed since he reached the age of thirty-five, when he found that he had too many obligations, too much family, and too few skills to match opportunities with aspirations.

This definition of the "working American" involves almost 23-million American families.

The working American lives in the gray area fringes of a central city or in a close-in or very far-out cheaper suburban subdivision of a large metropolitan area. He is likely to own a home and a car, especially as his income begins to rise. Of those earning between \$6,000 and \$7,500, 70 per cent own their own homes and 94 per cent drive their own cars.

94 per cent have no education beyond high school and 43 per cent have only completed the eighth grade.

He does all the right things, obeys the law, goes to church and insists--usually--that his kids get a better education than he had. But the right things don't seem to be paying off.

Peter Schrag, the author of this article, is editor of *Change*, a new magazine devoted to problems of higher education, and editor-at-large of *Saturday Review*. He writes frequently on education and other social issues and most recently appeared in Harper's with "The New Black Myths" in the May issue.

Copyright 1969, by Harper's Magazine Inc. Reprinted from the August, 1969 issue of Harper's Magazine by special permission.

"if ethnic groups are beginning to organize to get theirs, so are the others: policemen and firemen. The cop is the new nigger."

While he is making more than he ever made—perhaps more than he ever dreamed he's still struggling while a lot of others—"them" (on welfare, in demonstrations, in the ghettos) are getting most of the attention. "I'm working my ass off," a guy tells you on a stoop in South Boston. "My kids don't have a place to swim, my parks are full of glass, and I'm supposed to bleed for a bunch of people on relief." In New York a man who drives a Post Office trailer truck at night (4:00 p.m. to midnight) and a cab during the day (7:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.), and who hustles radios for his Post Office buddies on the side, is ready, as he says, to "knock somebody's ass."

"The colored guys work when they feel like it. Sometimes they show up and sometimes they don't. One guy tore up all the time cards. I'd like to see a white guy do that and get away with it."

WHAT COUNTS

Nobody knows how many people in America moonlight (half of the eighteen million fami-

lies in the \$5,000 to \$10,000 bracket have two or more wage earners) or how many have to hustle on the side. I don't think any body has

a single job anymore," said Nicholas Kisburg the research director for a Teamsters Union Council in New York. "All the cops are moonlighting, and the teachers; and there's a million guys who are hustling, guys with phony social-security numbers who are hiding part of what they make so they don't get kicked out of a housing project, or guys who work as guards at sports events and get free meals that they don't want to pay taxes on. Every one of them is cheating. They are underground people—Untermenschen.... We really have no systematic data on any of this. We have no ideas of the attitudes of the white worker. We've been too busy studying the black worker." And yet he's the source of most of the reaction in this country.

The reaction is directed at almost every visible target: at integration and welfare, taxes and sex education, at the rich and the poor, the foundations and students, at the "smart people in the suburbs." In New York State the legislature cuts the welfare budget; in Los Angeles, the voters reelect Yorty after a whispered racial campaign against the Negro favorite. In Minneapolis a police detective named Charles Stenvig, promising "to take the handcuffs off the police," wins by a margin stunning even to his supporters: in Massachusetts the voters mail tea bags to their representatives in protest a-

gainst new taxes, and in state after state legislatures are passing bills to punish student demonstrators. ("We keep talking about permissiveness in training kids," said a Los Angeles labor official, "but we forget that these are our kids.")

And yet all these things are side manifestations of a malaise that lacks a language. What even law and order means, for example, to a man who feels his wife is unsafe on the street after dark or in the park at any time, or whose kids get shaken down in the schoolyard, it also means something like normality—the demand that everybody play it by the book, that cultural and social standards be somehow re-stored to their civic-book simplicity, that things shouldn't be as they are but as they were supposed to be. If there is a revolution in this country—a revolt in manners, standards of dress and obscenity, and, more importantly, in our official sense of what America is—there is also a counter-revolt. Sometimes it is inarticulate, and sometimes (perhaps most of the time) people are either too confused or apathetic—or simply too polite and too decent—to declare themselves. In Astoria, Queens, a white working-class district of New York, people who make \$7,000 or \$8,000 a year (sometimes in two jobs) call themselves affluent, even though the Bureau of Labor Statistics regards an income of less than \$9,500 in New York, inadequate to a moderate standard of living. And in a similar neighborhood in Brooklyn a truck driver who earns \$151 a week tells you he's doing well, living in a two-story frame house separated by a narrow driveway from similar houses, thousands of them; in block after block after block.

This year, for the first time, he will go on a cruise—he and his wife and two other couples

--two weeks in the Caribbean. He went to work after World War II (\$57 a week) and he has lived in the same house for twenty years, accumulating two television sets, wall-to-wall carpeting in a small living room, and a basement that he recently remodeled into a recreation room with the help of two moonlighting firemen. "We get fairly good salaries, and this is a good neighborhood, one of the few good ones left. We have no smoked Irishmen around."

Stability is what counts, stability in job and home and neighborhood, stability in the church and in friends. At night you watch television and sometimes on a weekend you go to a nice place—maybe a downtown hotel—for dinner with another couple. (Or maybe your sister, or maybe bowling, or maybe, if you're defeated, a night at the track.) The wife has the necessary appliances, often still being paid off, and the money you save goes for your daughter's orthodontist, and later for her wedding. The smoked Irishmen—the colored (no one says black; few even say Negro)—represent change and instability, kids who cause trouble in school, who get treatment that your kids never got, that you never got. ("Those fucking kids," they tell you in South Boston, "raising hell, and not one of 'em paying his own way. Their fucking mothers are all on welfare.") The black kids mean a change in the rules, a double standard in grades and discipline, and vaguely—a challenge to all you believed right. Law and order is the stability and predictability of established ways. Law and order is equal treatment—in school, in jobs, in the courts—even if you're cheating a little yourself. The forgotten Man is Jackson's man. He is the vestigial American democrat of 1840: "They all know that their success depends upon their own industry and economy and that they must not expect to become suddenly rich by the fruits of their toil." He is also Franklin Roosevelt's man—the man whose vote (or whose father's vote) sustained the New Deal.

There are other considerations, other styles, other problems. A postman in a Charlestown (Boston) housing project: eight chil-

"we have no idea of the attitudes of the white worker; we've been too busy studying the black worker."

dren and a ninth on the way. Last year, by working overtime, his income went over \$7,000. This year, because he reported it, the Housing Authority is raising his rent from \$78 to \$106 a month, a catastrophe for a family that pays \$2.20 a day for milk, has never had a vacation, and for which an excursion is "going out for ice cream." "You try and save for something better; we hope to get out of here to someplace where the kids can play, where there's no broken glass, and then something always comes along that knocks you right back. It's like being at the bottom of the well waiting for a guy to throw you a rope." The description becomes almost Chaplinesque. Life is humble but not simple; the terrors of insolent bureaucracies and contemptuous officials produce a demonology that loses little of its horror for being partly misunderstood. Myou want to get a sink fixed but don't want to offend the manager want to get an eye operation that may (or may not) have been necessitated by a military injury five years earlier, "but the Veterans Administration says I signed away my benefits"; want to complain to someone about the teenagers who run around breaking windows and harassing women but get no response either from the management or the police. "You're afraid to complain because if they don't get you during the day they'll get you at night." Automobiles, windows, children, all become hostages to the vague terrors of everyday life; everything is vulnerable. Liabilities that began long ago cannot possibly be liquidated: "I never learned anything in that school except how to fight. I got tired of being caned by the teachers so at sixteen I quit and joined the Marines. I still don't know anything."

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

American culture? Wealth is visible, and so, now, is poverty. Both have become intimidating clichés. But the rest? A vast, complex, and disregarded world that was once—in belief, and in fact—the American middle: Greyhound and trailway bus terminals in little cities at midnight, each of them with its neon lights and its cardboard hamburgers; acres of tar-paper beach bungalows in places like Revere and Rockaway; the hair curlers in the supermarket on Saturday, and the lit-

tle girls in the communion dresses the next morning; pinball machines and the Daily News the Reader's Digest and Ed Sullivan; houses with tiny front lawns (or even large ones) adorned with statuettes of the Virgin or of Sambo welcomin' de folks home; Clint Eastwood or Julie Andrews at the Palwce; the trotting tracks and the dog tracks--Aurora Downs, Connautht Park, Roosevelt, Yonkers, Rockingham, and forty others--where gray men come not for sport and beauty, but to read numbers, to study and dope. (If you win you have figured something, have in a small way controlled your world, have surmounted your impotence. If you lose, bad luck, shift. "I'll break his goddamned head.") Baseball is not national pastime; racing is. For every man who goes to a major-league baseball game there are four who go to the track and probably four more who go to the candy store or the barbershop to make their bets. Total track attendance in 1965: 62 million plus another 10 million who went to the dogs.)

There are places, and styles, and attitudes. If there are neighborhoods of aspiration, suburban enclaves for the mobile young executive and the aspiring worker, there are also places of limited expectation and dead-end districts where mobility is finished. But even there you can often find, however vestigial, a sense of place, the roots of old ethnic loyalties, and a passionate, if often futile, battle against intrusion and change. "Everybody around here," you are told, "pays his own way." In his world the problems are not the ABM or air pollution (have they heard of Biafra?) or the international population crisis; the problem is to get your street cleaned, your garbage collected, to get your husband home from Vietnam alive; to negotiate installment payments and to keep the schools orderly. Ask anyone in Scarsdale or Winnetka about the schools and they'll tell you about new programs, or about how many are getting into Harvard, or about the teachers; ask in Oakland or the North Side of Chicago, and they'll tell you that they have (or haven't) had trouble. Somewhere in his gut the man in those communities knows that mobility and choice in this society are limited. He cannot imagine any major change for the better; but he can imagine change for the worse. And yet for a decade he is the one who has been asked to carry the burden of social reform, to integrate his schools and his neighborhood, has been asked by comfortable people to pay the social debts due to the poor and the black. In Boston, in San Francisco, in Chicago (not to mention Newark or Oakland) he has been telling the reformers to go to hell. The Jewish school-teachers of New York and the Irish parents of Dorchester have asked the same question: "What the hell did Lindsay (or the Beacon Hill Establishment) ever do for us?"

The ambiguities and changes in American life that occupy discussions in university seminars and policy debates in Washington, and that form the backbone of contemporary popular sociology, become increasingly the conditions of trauma and frustration in the middle. Although the New Frontier and Great Society contained some programs for those not already on the rolls of social pathology--federal aid for higher education, for example--the public priorities and the rhetoric contained little. The emphasis, properly, was on the poor, on the inner cities (e.g., Negroes) and the unemployed. But in Chicago a widow with three children who earns \$7,000 a year can't get them college loans because she makes too much; the money is reserved for people on relief. New schools are built in the ghetto but not in the white working-class neighborhoods where they are just as dilapidated. In Newark the head of a white vigilante group (now a city councilman) runs, among other things, on a platform opposing pro-Negro discrimination. "When pools are being built in the Central Ward--don't they think white kids have got frustration? The white can't get a job; we have to hire Negroes first." The middle class, said Congressman Roman Pucinski of Illinois, who represents a lot of it, "is in revolt. Everyone has been generous in supporting anti-poverty. Now the middle class American is disqualified from most of the programs."

"SOMEBODY HAS TO SAY NO..."

The frustrated middle. The liberal wisdom about welfare, ghettos, student revolt, and Vietnam has only a marginal place, if any, for the values and life of the working man. It flies in the face of most of what he was taught to cherish and respect: hard work, order, authority, selfreliance. He fought, either alone or through labor organizations, to establish the precincts he now considers his own. Union seniority, the civil-service bureaucracy, and the petty professionalism established by the merit system in the public schools become sinecures of particular ethnic groups or of those who have learned to negotiate and master the system. A man who worked all his life to accumulate the points and grades and paraphernalia to become an assistant school principal (no matter how silly the requirements) is not likely to relinquish his position with equanimity. Nor is a dock worker whose only estate is his longshoreman's card. The job, the points, the credits become property:

Some men leave their sons money (wrote a union member to the New York Times), some large investments, some business connections, and some a profession. I have only one worthwhile thing to give: my trade. I hope to follow a centuries-old tradition and sponsor my sons for an apprenticeship. For his simple father's wish it is said that I discriminate against Negroes. Don't all of us discriminate? Which of us...will not choose a son over all others?

Suddenly the rules are changing--all the rules. If you protect your job for your own you may be called a bigot. At the same time it's perfectly acceptable to shout blackpower and to endorse it. What does it take to be a good American? Give the black man a position because he is black, not because he necessarily works harder or does the job better. What does it take to be a good American? Dress nicely, hold a job, be clean-cut, don't judge a man by the color of his skin or the country of his origin. What about the demands of Negroes, the long hair of the students, the dirty movies, the people who burn draft cards and American flags? Do you have to go out in the street with picket signs, do you have to burn the place down to get what you want? What does it take to be a good American? This is a sick society, a racist society, we are fighting an immoral war. ("I'm against the Vietnam war, too," says the truck driver in Brooklyn, "I see a good kid come home with half an arm and a leg in a brace up to here, and what's it all for? I was glad to see my kid funk the Army physical. Still, somebody has to say no to these demonstrators and enforce the law.") What does it take to be a good American?

The conditions of trauma and frustration in the middle. What does it take to be a good American? Suddenly there are demands for Italian power and Polish power and Ukrainian power. In Cleveland the Poles demand a seat on the school board, and get it, and in Pittsburgh John Pankuch, the seventy-three-year old president of the National Slovak Society demands "action, plenty of it to make up for the lost time." Black power is supposed to be nothing but emulation of the ways in which other ethnic groups made it. But have they made it? In Reardons Bar on East Eighth Street in South Boston, where the workmen come for their fish-chowder lunch and for their rye and ginger, they still identify themselves as Galway men and Kilkenny men; in the newsstand in Astoria you can buy IL Progresso, El Tiempo, the Staats-Zeitung, the Irish World, plus papers in Greek, Hungarian, and Polish. At the parish of Our Lady of Mount Carmel the priests hear confession in English, Italian, and Spanish and, nearby, the biggest attraction is not the stickball game, but the coçce court. Some of the poorest people in America are white, native, and have lived all of their lives in the same place as their fathers and grandfathers. The problems that were presumably solved in some distant past, in that prehistoric era before the textbooks were written--problems of assimilation, of upward mobility--now turn out to be very much unsolved. The melting pot and all: millions made it, million--no one knows how many--did not. The median income in Irish South Boston is \$5,100 a year but the community action workers have a hard time convincing the local citizens that any white man who is not stupid or irresponsible can be poor. Pride still keeps them from applying for income supplements or Medicaid, but it does not keep them from resenting those who do. In Pittsburgh, where the members of Polish-American organizations earn an estimated \$5,000 to \$6,000 (and some fall below the poverty line), the Poverty Programs are nonetheless directed primarily to Negroes; and almost everywhere the thing called urban backlash associates itself in some fashion with ethnic groups whose members have themselves only a precarious hold on

the security of affluence. Almost everywhere in the old cities, tribal neighborhoods and their styles are under assault by mass-cult. The Italian grocery gives way to the supermarket, the ma-and-pa store and the walk-up are attacked by urban renewal. And almost everywhere, that assault tends to depersonalize and to alienate. It has always been this way, but with time the brave new world that replaces old patterns becomes increasingly bureaucratized, distant, and hard to control.

Yet beyond the problems of ethnic identity, beyond the problems of Poles and Irishmen left behind, there are others more pervasive and more dangerous. For every Greek or Hungarian there are a dozen American-Americans who are past ethnic consciousness and who are as alienated, as confused, and as angry as the rest. The obvious manifestations are the same everywhere--race, taxes, welfare, students--but the threat seems invariably more cultural and psychological than economic or social. What upset the police at the Chicago convention most was most so much the politics of the demonstrators as their manners and their hair. (The barbershops in their neighborhoods don't advertise Beatie Cuts but the BF1at Top and the Chicago Box.) The affront comes from middle-class people--and their children--who had been cast in the role of social exemplars (and from those cast as unfortunates worthy of public charity) who offend all the things on which working class identity is built: "hippies" (said a San Francisco longshoreman) who fart around the streets and don't work; welfare recipients who strike and march for better treatment; "all those" (said a California labor official) who challenge the precepts that these people live on. If ethnic groups are beginning to organize to get theirs, so are others: police and firemen ("The cop is the new nigger"); schoolteachers; lower-middle-class housewives fighting sex education and bussing; small property owners who have no ethnic communion but a passionate interest in lower taxes, more policemen, and stiffer penalties for criminals. In San Francisco the Teamsters, who had never been known for such interests before, recently demonstrated in support of the police and law enforcement and, on another occasion, joined a group called Mothers Support Neighborhood Schools at a school-board meeting to oppose--with their presence and later, apparently, with their fists--a proposal to integrate the schools through bussing. ("These people," someone said at the meeting, "do not look like mothers.")

Which is not to say that all is frustration and anger, that anybody is ready "to burn the country down." They are not even ready to elect standard model demagogues. "A lot of labor people who thought of voting for Wallace were ashamed of themselves when they realized what they were about to do," said Morris Iushewitz, an officer of New York's Central Labor Council. Because of a massive last-minute union campaign, and perhaps for other reasons, the blue-collar vote for Wallace fell far below the figures predicted by the early polls last fall. Any number of people, moreover, who are not doing well by any set of official statistics, who are earning well below the national mean (\$8,000 a year), or who hold two jobs to stay above it, think of themselves as affluent, and often use that word. It is almost as if not to be affluent is to be un-American. People who can't use the word tend to be angry; people who come too close to those who can't become frightened. The definition of affluence is generally pinned to what comes in, not to the quality of life as it's lived. The \$8,000 son of a man who never earned more than \$4,500 may, for that reason alone, believe that he's "doing

all right." If life is not all right, if he can't get his curbs fixed, or his streets patrolled, if the highways are crowded and the beaches polluted, if the schools are ineffectual he is still able to call himself affluent, feels, perhaps, a social compulsion to do so. His anger if he is angry, is not that of the wage earner resenting management--and certainly not that of the socialist ideologue asking for redistribution of wealth--but that of the consumer, taxpayer, and the family man. (Inflation and taxes are wiping out most of the wage gains made in labor contracts signed during the past three years.) Thus he will vote for a Louise Day Hicks in Boston who promises to hold the color line in the schools or for a Charles Stenvig calling for law enforcement in Minneapolis but reject a George Wallace who seems to threaten his pocketbook. The danger is that he will identify with the politics of the Birchers and other middle-class reactionaries (who often pretend to speak for him) even though his income and style of life are far removed from theirs; that taxes, for example, will be identified with welfare rather than war, and that he will blame his limited means on the small slice of the poor rather than the fat slice of the rich.

If you sit and talk to people like Marjorie Lemlow, who heads Mothers Support Neighborhood Schools in San Francisco, or Joe Owens, a house painter who is president of a community-action organization in Boston, you quickly discover that the roots of reaction and the roots of reform are often identical, and that the response to particular situations is more often contingent on the politics of the politicians and leaders who appear to care than on the conditions of life or the ideology of the victims. Mrs. Lemlow wants to return the schools to some virtuous past; she worries about disintegration of the family and she speaks vaguely about something that she can't bring herself to call a conspiracy against Americanism. She has been accused of leading a bunch of Birchers, and she sometimes talks Birch language. But whatever the form, her sense of things comes from a small-town vision of national virtues, and her unhappiness from the assaults of urban sophistication. It just so happens that a lot of reactionaries now sing that tune, and that the liberals are indifferent.

Joe Owens--probably because of his experience as a Head Start parent, and because of his association with an effective community action program--talks a different language. He knows, somehow, that no simple past can be restored. In his world the villains are not conspirators but bureaucrats and politicians, and he is beginning to discover that in a struggle with officials the black man in the ghetto and the working man (black or white) have the same problems. "Every time you ask for something from the politicians they treat you like a beggar, like you ought to be grateful for what you have. They try to make you feel ashamed."

WHEN HOPE BECOMES A THREAT

The imponderables are youth and tradition and change. The civics book and the institution it celebrates--however passé--still hold the world together. The revolt is in their name, not against them. And there is simple decency, the language and practice of the folksy cliché, the small town, the Boy Scout virtues, the neighborhood charity, the obligation to support the church, the rhetoric of open opportunity: "They can keep Wallace and they can keep Alabama. We didn't fight a dictator for four years so we could elect one over here." What happens when all that becomes Mickey Mouse? Is there an urban ethic to replace the values of the small town? Is there a coherent public philosophy, a consistent set of beliefs to replace family, home, and hard work? What happens when the hang-ups of upper-middle-class kids are in fashion and those of blue-collar kids are not? What happens when Doing Your Own Thing becomes

not the slogan of the solitary deviant but the norm? Is it possible that as the institutions and beliefs of tradition are fashionably denigrated a blue-collar generation gap will open to the Right as well as to the Left? (There is statistical evidence, for example, that Wallace's greatest support within the unions came from people who are between twenty-one and twenty-nine, those, that is, who have the most tenuous association with the liberalism of labor.) Most are politically silent; although SDS has been trying to organize blue collar high school students, there are no Mario Savio or Mark Rudds--either of the Right or the Left--among them. At the same time the union leaders, some of them old hands from the Thirties, aren't sure that the kids are following them either. Who speaks for the son of the longshoreman or the Detroit auto worker? What happens if he doesn't get to college? What, indeed, happens when he does?

Vaguely but unmistakably the hopes that a youth-worshipping nation historically invested in its young are becoming threats. We have never been unequivocal about the symbolic patricide of Americanization and upward mobility, but if at one time mobility meant rejection of older (or European) styles it was, at least, done in the name of America. Now the labels are blurred and the objectives indistinct. Just at the moment when a tradition-bound Italian father is persuaded that he should send his sons to college--that education is the only future--the college blows up. At the moment when a parsimonious taxpayer begins to shell out for what he considers an extravagant state university system the students go on strike. Marijuana, sexual liberation, dress styles, draft resistance, even the rhetoric of change become monsters and demons in a world that appears to turn old virtues upside down. The paranoia that fastened on Communism twenty years ago (and sometimes still does) is increasingly directed to vague conspiracies undermining the schools, the family order and discipline. "They're feeding the kids this generation-gap business," says a Chicago housewife who grinds out a campaign against sex education on a duplicating machine in her living room. "The kids are told to make their own decisions. They're all mixed up by situation ethics and open-ended questions. They're alienating children from their own parents." They? The churches, the schools, even the YMCA and the Girl Scouts, are implicated. But a major share of the villainy is now also attributed to "the social science centers," to the apostles of sensitivity training, and to what one California lady, with some embarrassment, called "nude therapy." "People with sane minds are being altered by psychological methods." The current major campaign of the John Birch Society is not directed against Communists in government or the Supreme Court, but against sex education. There is, of course, also sympathy with the young, especially in poorer areas where kids have no place to play. "Everybody's got to have a hobby," a South Boston adolescent told a youth worker. Ours is throwing rocks. If people will join reactionary organizations to protect their children, they will also support others: community-action agencies which help kids get jobs; HEAD Start parent groups, Boys Clubs. "Getting this place cleaned up" sometimes it points to the day when there is a park or a playground or when the existing park can be used. "I want to see them grown up to have a little fun."

CAN THE COMMON MAN COME BACK?

Beneath it all there is a more fundamental ambivalence, not only about the young, but about institutions--the schools, the churches, the Establishment--and about the future itself. In the major cities of the East (though perhaps not in the West) there is a sense that time is against you, that one is living "in one of the few decent neighborhoods left," that "if I can get \$125 a week upstate (or downstate) I'll move." The institutions that were supposed to mediate social change and which, more than ever, are becoming priesthoods of information and conglomerates of social engineers, are increasingly suspect

To attack the Ford Foundation (as Wright Patman has done) is not only to fan the embers of historic populism against concentrations of wealth and power, but also to arouse those who feel that they are trapped by an alliance of upperclass WASPs and lower-class Negroes. If the foundations have done anything for the blue-collar worker he doesn't seem to be aware of it. At the same time the distrust of professional educators that characterizes the black militants is becoming increasingly prevalent among a minority of lower-middle-class whites who are beginning to discover that the schools aren't working for them either. ("Are all those new programs just a cover-up for failure?") And if the Catholic Church is under attack from its liberal members (on birth control, for example) it is also alienating the traditionalists who liked their minor saints (even if they didn't actually exist) and were perfectly content with the Latin Mass. For the alienated Catholic liberal there are other places to go; for the lower-middle-class parishioner in Chicago or Boston there are none.

Perhaps, in some measure, it has always been this way. Perhaps none of this is new. And perhaps it is also true that the American lower middle has never had it so good. And yet surely there is a difference, and that is that the common man has lost his visibility and, somehow, his claim on public attention. There are old liberals and socialists--men like Michael Harrington--who believe that a new alliance can be foregone for progressive social action.

From Marx to Mills, the Left has regarded the middle class as a stratum of hypocritical, vacillating rear-guarders. There has often sound reason for this contempt. But is it not possible that a new class is coming into being? It is not the old middle class of small property owners and entrepreneurs, nor the new middle class of managers. It is composed of scientists, technicians, teachers, and professionals in the public sector of the society. By education and work experience it is predisposed toward planning. It could be an ally of the poor and the organized workers--or their sophisticated enemy. In other words, an unprecedented social and political variable seems to be taking shape in America.

The American worker, even when he waits on a table or holds open a door, is not servile; he does not carry himself like an inferior. The openness, frankness, and democratic manner which Tocqueville described in the last century persists to this very day. They have been a source of rudeness, contemptuous ignorance, violence--and of a creative self-confidence among great masses of people. It was in this latter spirit that the CIO was organized and the black freedom movement marched.

There are recent indications that the white lower middle class is coming back on the roster of public priorities. Pucinski tells you that liberals in Congress are privately discussing the pressure from the middle class. There are proposals now to increase personal income-tax exemptions from \$600 to \$1,000 (or \$1,200) for each dependent, to protect all Americans with a national insurance system covering catastrophic medical expenses, and to put a floor under all incomes. Yet these things by themselves are insufficient. Nothing is sufficient without a national sense of restoration. What Pucinski means by the middle class has, in some measure, always been represented. A physician earning \$75,000 a year is also a working man but he is hardly a victim of the welfare system. Nor, by and large, are the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company or U.S. Steel. The fact that American ideals have often been corrupted in the cause of self-aggrandizement does not make them any less important for the cause of social reform and justice. "As a movement with the conviction that there is more to people than greed and fear," Harrington said, "the Left must...also speak in the name of the historic idealism of the United States."

The issue, finally, is not the program but the vision, the angle of view. A huge constituency may be coming up for grabs, and there is considerable evidence that its political mobility is more sensitive than anyone can imagine, that all the sociological determinants are not as significant as the simple facts of concern and leadership. When Robert Kennedy was killed last year, thousands of working-class people who had expected to vote for him--if not hundreds of thousands--shifted their loyalties to Wallace. A man who can change from a progressive democrat into a bigot overnight deserves attention.

THE MORATORIUM IN TORONTO:



The two-day American Moratorium to end the war in Viet Nam draw sympathy from marchers in Toronto. More than 3,000 people of all age groups walked the downtown route from Queen's Park to City Hall.

COMMENTS AND ANALYSIS

by Jim Stark

One week ago last Saturday, there was a moratorium "protesting" the Vietnam War. In Toronto, from 3,500 to 4,500 people marched from Queen's Park to the Toronto city hall.

Who were these people?

It is often suspected that such demonstrations are composed of a homogeneous group of people, whose common purpose can be analysed in a singular word or sentence. It is interesting that one of the primary characteristics of the closed authoritarian mind (according to Adorno et al) is the perception of homogeneity within groups whose value or belief system differs from one's own. Perhaps those who have applied such labels as "communist", subversive, "misguided" "vocal minority" or other simplistic explanations to any aggregate found at a moratorium or war protest demonstration are somewhat closed-minded and authoritarian for certainly they have authority and evidently they refuse to listen or to be affected by such manifestations of dissent.

The appearance of homogeneity was avoided in Toronto by a simple and long overdue technique. Marchers were assembled in groups and the group banner signified the capacity in which each member of the group was marching. A marcher as marcher, says little. But a marcher as a member of the Unitarian church, as a student in the School of Social Work of U. of T., as a member of a Jewish order, as a young worker, as a trade unionist, as a member of the Young Communist League... well that says much more. These are a few of the many banners under which the people marched. It is significant that the Young Communist League had one of the smallest and youngest groups in attendance.

The "silent majority"

But more significant was a middle sized group of well dressed marchers who gathered under a banner that read: The silent Majority. This was perhaps the most signifi-

cantly new development that I observed. I spent about a half hour speaking to these people. For most of them, this was their march. They felt awkward and shy holding placards. They felt slightly traitorous in their attendance and altogether unconvinced of the effectiveness of the demonstration as a means to an end.

Why then were they there? Like myself, they had long been offended by poster usually put up by the Young Communist League, which equated silence with complicity, with approval of the American involvement in Vietnam. But to be so criticized by the Young Communist League doesn't make most people very upset.

So why were they there?

The answer is found in large part or so I have come to believe, in the last national address of President Nixon.

How so? President Nixon pointed out that demonstrations encourage the enemy and that demonstrations are... well, in a word, traitors. He did not use this word, but why should it be avoided if their function is reduced to that of hindering his side of the war and helping his country's war enemy? And he called on the silent majority to abandon their silence, to rise in one voice to his support. In this he assumed a high degree of homogeneity of opinion among those who were silent. In effect, he made identically the same interpretation of silence as the Young Communist League of Toronto: That silence equals complicity which equals approval of the American involvement in Vietnam. To be so labelled in the president of the United States of America is much more upsetting if the shoe doesn't fit than to be so labelled by the Young Communist League of Toronto.

So the "silent majority" who do not approve, must shed their silence and must march. And so they did... some of them... in Toronto.

The "silent majority" has only one thing in common: their silence. Among this aggregate of people are those who approve, more than they disapprove, those who disapprove more than they approve and those who are truly

ambivalent and those who don't care. In mobilizing the first group, Nixon has also mobilized the second group. He has also made it much more difficult to seek refuge in ambivalence and made it harder not to care. In a word, he has polarized opinion or at least advised such polarization. And in asking the first group (and those in the 3, 4 group will decide in favour of the first group when their opinions have been polarized) to balance out and out do their own game, he has approved the method of massive public demonstration. In short, he has legitimized politics of the street.

Does he know the results?

In so doing, he has confirmed something that I have suspected for a long time: that he doesn't know what he's doing. Surely he doesn't want the silent majority marching against his policies. Surely he knows that the polarization of opinion and politics in and of the streets proceed and foreshadow revolution. And very surely he is not a revolutionary. Yet these are the consequences of his actions, consequences of his actions, consequences that have long been predictable and predicted by such unsophisticated propagandists as the Young Communist League of Toronto. And if Mr. Nixon cannot gauge the inevitable consequences of his actions in the realm of politics (which is supposed to be his "bag"), by what authority does he claim to know the consequences of his own war policies?

For better or worse, President Nixon has advised the creation of conditions that lead to revolution, or at least to major confrontation. In this writer's opinion, it can only be for the better, because at the very least we will be able to know just where "America the Beautiful" stands. It is my guess, and my hope, that "America the Beautiful" can deserve such a label on levels other than geographical aestheticism.

Jim Stark is a graduate student majoring in Sociology. He is a former President of the S.G.A.L.U. and is presently Vice-President of the Sociology Club at L.U.

Canada and Vietnam



"You see we sell them . . . like ammo, this is no word of a lie, now, the ammo was CIL ammo, Canadian Industries Limited, my boots were BATA and my canteens were made in Winnipeg, Manitoba. This nearly drove me crazy. I couldn't believe this. How can you say one thing and yet make money off it. This really bothered me because I thought, well, why not come right out and admit it, that you are helping the American side by giving them these things and making a profit off somebody's misfortune which would seem our misfortune."

From an Interview with a young Canadian who fought with American forces in Vietnam. Toronto Telegram, Nov. 9, 1968.

"We don't sell to either side."
Mitchell Sharp, Feb. 12, 1969.

Some people from Queen's had expressed a desire to go to Washington for the Vietnam Mobilization march on November 15. What they would be saying there is, "We Canadians, who are peace-loving neutrals, want you belligerent Americans to stop this evil war." They would thereby become, perhaps unwittingly, supporters of Canada's hypocrisy and complicity in the Vietnam War.

For while our Government claims Canada is a neutral, and while we serve on the International Control Commission, we sell millions of dollars of material to the U.S. Military. Here is our past sales record:

1959	\$ 95 millions
1960	110 "
1961	135 "
1962	254 "
1963	140 "
1964	162 "
1965	259 "
1966	332 "
1967	370 "

It should be noted that 1965 was the year of greatest American escalation in Vietnam. These figures show only those sales under the Defence Production Sharing Agreement, signed in 1959. In addition, millions of dollars of Canadian-made equipment and raw materials are sold to the Pentagon in "unofficial" categories, outside this agreement.

What kinds of things do we sell? A partial list includes rocket warheads and propellants, small arms, plastic explosives, machine guns, TNT for 500 pound bombs, green berets, aircraft engines and parts, grenades, weapon release computers for jets, napalm ingredients and cannisters, army boots, pre-fabricated buildings, tires, chemical defoliants, artillery shells, helicopter parts, missile components, bomb fuses, and so on. Truly we are merchants of death.

How did we get into this business of selling misery? Canada's service to the Pentagon began during and just after World War II. Intensive cooperation during the war, and our later alliance with the U.S. in the "Cold War" led Canada to link its defence policy, and therefore its defence industry, to that of the U.S. This defence arrangement led to others similar to it; these ultimately led to NATO, which the U.S. leads and dominates. Thus Canada found its independence eroding just at a time when profound liberating tendencies were at work in Asia and other parts of the world, when the need and opportunity for independent, far-sighted policy on the part of the Western nations, and particularly one without colonial attachments such as Canada, was at its height. Instead, our policy makers preferred the comfort of American hegemony, spurning the examples of Sweden and India, and accepting the black-white stereotypes of the U.S. State Department in foreign policy.

In Korea, the Canadian government's dissent over U.S. policies there never passed the verbal stage. In 1958, Canadian sovereignty again took a beating with the establishment of an "integrated" continental air defence, NORAD. The collapse of the CF-105 Arrow project killed a large part of Canada's independent defence industry. Now dependent on U.S. equipment, the Canadian government pressed the Pentagon to buy in Canada. A Defence Sharing Agreement was signed, and Canada was bound to the Pentagon with hoops of steel. It would be naive to regard this addition of Canadian defence production as being really essential to the U.S. What was and is essential to the U.S., both in the short and the long run, are the resources of Canada, the uranium, nickel, iron, copper, oil of this country, items not even covered in the Defence Sharing Agreement.

Seen with this background, the hypocrisy of our government during the Vietnam war has been astonishing. Paul Martin has stressed that the defence agreement with the U.S. is "a solid commitment and one which is very important to the economy of this country," even though American defence expenditures in Canada account for only one percent of the GNP. Martin also says " . . . Canada does not supply war materials to war areas either directly or by trans-shipment . . ." (Toronto, November 13, 1967) and that " . . . it is the Government's policy not to export military equipment to Vietnam . . ." (Commons, Nov. 15, 1967). But scarcely a week prior to Martin's utterances, we have a Pentagon spokesman: " . . . the bulk of military equipment Canada has sold the U.S. will be used in the Vietnam war . . ." (November 6, 1967).

Even if the government were serious about being neutral, we could not be. Many

of the "Canadian" companies selling arms to the U.S. are American owned and/or controlled. They obey American laws. The aberrations of Ottawa do not affect them. Thus we in Canada in fact cannot be effectively neutral; "our" industry will in any case be pro-American.

We should also remember our role on the International Control Commission (ICC), in Vietnam. As one of the three members of the ICC, Canada is charged with reporting all violations of the 1954 Geneva Agreement, including the provision that there be no foreign military bases in Vietnam. Canada has never protested U.S. violation of these provisions. Instead it has consistently covered up U.S. aggression, beginning in 1955 when the Canadian members of the ICC issued a minority report justifying the abrogation of the Accords by the U.S.-installed Diem regime.

When the bombing of the North began, the Canadian members of the ICC issued another minority report supporting U.S. claims of infiltration into the South, the American justification for the bombing. It was not the Canadians with the ICC mission in Hanoi, but Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times who established the truth about the bombing of civilians in North Vietnam — even though at one point the building housing the Canadians suffered a direct hit shortly after the Americans began the bombing!

Gerald Clark, editor of the Montreal Star reported on May 9, 1967, that "Canadian officers in the ICC are betraying their trust by acting as informants for U.S. intelligence agencies . . . a harsher way of putting it is that they are functioning as spies when they are supposed to be serving as international civil servants." Clark's charges were neither disproved nor even denied.

The truth about Canada's role in Vietnam is well known to the Vietnamese revolutionaries. In its January 28, 1967 edition, Nhan Dan, the Hanoi newspaper, stated editorially:

"The Canadian government has not lived up to its obligations as a member of the ICC. The Vietnamese people know full well that the Canadian government has all along shielded and supported the acts of intervention and aggression of the U.S., in both South and North Vietnam."

Can we as Canadians then consider ourselves lily white and curse the Americans for their actions? We are fighting, too, with the Americans, against the Vietnamese. We should deal with our own complicity first, by stopping the Canadian effort in this war.

Reprinted from the Queen's Journal

SOCKS & JOCKS

VEES DRIBBLE TO TWO WINS OVER BROCK GENERALS

by beach
Once upon a time not long ago and not far away there was a war. In this war the rules were strict, so strict that there were umpires to keep the war going smoothly.

The red coated Brock Generals under the leadership of Brigadier Les Korchok climbed on the nearest rapid transit system and slashed into the wilderness of Rupert's Land from the civilized areas of Upper Canada to show the Voyageurs from the Laurentian shield just how a war should be fought.

The Voyageurs and Generals both had a different style of waging war. The red coats preferred to move in regimented platoons with each movement having a particular purpose.

The backwoods Voyageurs preferred to work on their own, demolishing the platoons by sniping and sneak attacking. Everyone knew that the Voyageurs were experts at individual fighting, but surely this sniping and such couldn't defeat the well organized "red-coats."

The two armies met each other on Saturday night and by the time the umpires called a tea-break, the Voyageurs who, for some reason had played with a definite plan, led by a total of 29 kills.

However after the break the Voyageurs decided to fight individually and to play around at war. Due to this faux-pas the Voyageurs became especially susceptible to the "red-coat" precision and ended the war with a very small victory.

The chief Voyageur-helmsman John Dewar was not too happy with his charges' performance. The usually quiet warrior was on his feet constantly urging them

to quit making like heros and to try to work together.

But they wouldn't listen and continued to play around as individuals.

The umpires stopped the slaughter, but scheduled the next skirmish for Sunday.

And on Sunday the Voyageurs sniped at the red-coats again, seldom working together. By the time the umpire's tea-break rolled around, the "red-coats" had 5 less kills than the Voyageurs. But after the break the Voyageur stopped their guerilla tactics and decided to work as a platoon. The kills mounted and by the end of the battle, the Voyageurs had 12 more kills than the "red-coats" to win both the battles and the war.

Many times in the battles, the Voyageurs stood at one end and watched as the "red-coats" scored kills. The backwoodsmen also missed many kills because they stood at the other end and watched.

The sharpshooting Voyageurs were unbelievably inept at exploiting the defense set up by the "red-coats".

The "red-coats" would be lured to one side of the battle field but the Voyageurs were unable to make a kill, an easy-kill, from the weak side. They were missing all but the easiest of garbage kills from inside the key. Owens and McKibbin were constantly open for easy kills but didn't receive the necessary help from the rest of the army.

Verge and Laviguer were regularly driving down the baseline which really (dotted) up the "red-coats" plans. Again, however, the easy kills were missed.

At the other end of the battle field the Voyageurs blocked most of the lanes and the base-line, but allowed the "red-coats" to infiltrate the key for easy kills.

The Voyageurs were impressive (thanks to L.R. for the word) despite their unimpressiveness. But as the season progresses we can expect better, more unified battles as opposed to the many one-manned shows.

As helmsman Dewar said "We saw a lot of things out there to correct, and we've corrected some already."

We're looking forward to the next war with interest.

SHUTTLECOCK NEWS

In the invitational meet with the defending Champions Waterloo Athenians the upset the champs by winning all the matches. Members of the team were Betty Lynn

Joanne McKinnon
Pat Smith
Roberta O'Donoghue.

At present however, the final team has not been chosen. Anyone wishing to try out should go to the Athletic Building Mon. night 9:30 to 11:00 p.m. & Fri. afternoon 1-3 p.m. or contact Mrs. Jerome.

The Championship meet will be held at Waterloo Lutheran University on January 9th to 10th. Come on girls lets show them who number one.

The Men's Badminton team has not been finalized yet, and need bodies. Come out and practice with the girls. Laurentian is hosting the meet on February 21 this year. It won't look too good if we host a meet yet don't enter a team.



Ugo Capi and Les Kennedy(25) team up to elude the full court press tried by Brock criminal team

VOYAGEURS LAZE THRU 3rd AGAIN

by berk keaney lambda staff
The Girl Scouts "B" team could probably have outscored the Vees in the third period of their Brock game. Leading 7-1 at the end of two periods, the players staggered onto the ice and skated like the "morning after."

It was almost ludicrous to see the Generals get 20 shots on goal after being held to a total of 13 in the earlier two frames. It can be stated with a certain amount of accuracy that many great teams look less spectacular when the game is virtually tucked away but Laurentian's hockey history seems to have created a mental rut which can't be overcome.

Weak competition allows lackadaisical final period play which can't be shaken for the big games. A glaring example is the games

blown to U of T over the last two years.

However, there were some very positive comments to make about the team, pertaining generally to the first two periods. John Valiquette, who started the season slowly, has replaced the injured Kas Lysonek on the Kent Pollard Ray Lamont line. John is looking better every game and has restored the scoring punch that line had earlier. In this particular game, Lamont was the Vees' tough guy, straightening up a few Brock boys. The forwards, as a whole, were playing a skating, tight-checking game, which is indicative of the team's potential.

The defence played one of their best offensive games this year, moving the puck up well and playing an aggressive style in the Brock end.

In particular, Ted Vallean, who spent many moons counting empty seats from the bench, was outstanding. For the first time this year, he was playing with authority and confidence.

Pat Grace played a steady game between the pipes, and there is still a battle for the number one rubber stopper.

The new face behind the bench in the person of Jerry Toppazzini, did very little line shuffling and played the part of the typical emotionless coach to the letter.

QUIPS BY W.A.R.

Skating must be a great sport; many a person has been known to ski for hours on end.

The mould out of which good skiers are cast is usually Plaster of Paris

MOST GIRLS ARE SPORTS

by valerie chinn lambda staff
The Vendettas a new member to the women's Varsity teams this year, have been very impressive so far in the young season. The team has lost only one league game, so far & that to the Waterloo Athenians the defending champs. Coach Pat Picard commented that the team - very strong defensively have been weak in their offensive playing. Miss Picard also commented that the offensive problem lies mainly in the player's shooting accuracy, which should improve with more practice and experience.

The success of the team so far this year can be attributed to several things. The quality of the players as individuals, (top scorers of last weekends invitational meet against Carleton & Guelph were Lyn Somers 14, Pat Smith 9, Carmen Laundry 8 in the game against Carleton; and Joanne McKinnon 6 & Roberta O'Donoghue 4 in the game against Guelph).

The girls are also playing extremely well. Coach Picard is using the Platoon system this year wherein one platoon of five girls play one half of a quarter followed by the second platoon for

the remainder of the quarter. This system allows fresh and alert players to be on the floor at all times, as opposed to the conventional plaining of the strongest members of the team being on for most of the game and there by becoming tired & not as alert. However, it also has to be pointed out that in order to use this system the team has to be strong as a whole, which is the case with the Vendettas this year. The coach has predicted a finish in the top three of the league this year for the team. Good Luck girls, we're all behind you.

The Vendettas Volleyball team, having placed second in their league last year, hope to do just as well, if not better this year. They have had a poor start

this year, however, when co-captains Cheryl McLean & Pat Irwin both being top players on the team received injuries before the first league game. The team, played well against the defending champ the Waterloo Athenians, but lacked that extra touch to win the game. The team, played well. Coach Picard commented that the main problem so far has been serving accuracy, since the team has been playing very well together. In the game against Waterloo Lutheran that some weekend, this point was very evident. The team played well, but serving accuracy was extremely poor and thus ended in a second defeat for the team. However, since then the members have been practicing serving, which we hope will endure a victory in their next games.

VOLLEYBALL

Sinnika Heiklala: co-captain
Carman Landry: co-captain
Cathy Ennis: Nancy Filder:
Anne Hagan: Valerie Landriault
Joanne McKinnon: Roberta O'Donoghue: Nicole Ragimbal
Pat Smith: Lyn Somers.
Manager: Sue Connolly: Trainer: Colleen Gilligan

BASKETBALL

Cheryl McLean
Pat Irwin
Valerie Chinn
Janet Howley
Lyn Huffman
Carman Landry
Roberta O'Donoghue
Jean Siricek
Alexis Speck
Pat Smith

STOP THE PRESS

BASKETBALL WATERLOO INVITATIONAL

VEES 76 WESTERN 75
Owens 18
VEES 71 GUELPH 76

HOCKEY

VEES 10 TRENT 3

Pollard 3
Jakubo 3

STARS

1 Pollard
2 Jakubo
3 Kennedy

"Everything in Sports"



Sudbury, Ontario

DeMarco Bldg.
Elgin at Beech

Phone 575-5677